

It Hurt

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Summary: It hurt when the arrow was released. It hurt when it landed on the small boat his body was on. It hurt to watch the flames consume the body of whom I loved the most. It hurt.

It Hurt

I couldn't stop it. It was almost as if the Red beast that we'd gotten rid of five years ago was back, only this was more powerful.

Even Hiccup couldn't snap my body out of the state it was in. I was suddenly no longer Toothless, his best friend. I was that dragon he tried to kill years ago, and probably should have.

All of this wouldn't have happened if he had. Why didn't you kill me Hiccup? It would have been so much easier.

But you're Hiccup. You're stupid and crazy and curious and I absolutely adore you.

That's why I was surprised when I forgot what I was thinking about a second ago. All I see is a figure now. It's almost familiar, but dark and menacing. It was calling me "toothless", insulting me.

_"Knock it off!" _

_"No!" _

_"What are you doing!?" _

_"Snap out of it!" _

I could hear it begging for mercy, but I couldn't wait any longer for it to go away. I'm looking for something...someone? I don't know yet, but once I find it I'm sure I'll know what - who? - it is.

I neared the figure, growling at it to get out of my way. I needed to find it..him?

I heard scrambling away from us, but ignored it. I just needed to get rid of this nuisance and then I could give my attention to whatever just yelled.

"Hiccup!" I wanted to turn. I really did. I couldn't, and I'm not happy.

'It's your fault, isn't it!?' I accuse the thing in front of me. It deserved to die. It was already in a dead end. It would be a perfect kill.

I gathered the familiar warmth in my throat. A familiar warmth that would help me be rid of whatever was in front of me. Once I release it, I'll be on my way. I think I'd like to have a discussion with the voice that yelled "hiccup" a while ago.

"Dad! No!" The thing extended a limb outwards and I released.

All I saw for a second was smoke..fog?..steam?...it covered my eye sight and was annoying.

It cleared up, and I noticed a large figure, next to the broken body of whatever pest I'd finally gotten rid of.

"Hiccup..." the large figure whispered in a hoarse voice that sent chills through my body.

My panting softened. I had been panting?

My stance started to relax.

Hiccup?

Hiccup was my human. My best friend.

That large Viking was Stoick, his father.

_Why did my human's father sound so sad? _

Why was he leaning down over the pest?

Why was the Alpha's servant- Hiccup's mother leaning over it too?

They were crying now.

Why was everyone here now? Where's Hiccup? It smells like him, but bad. Hurt. Dead.

I walk over to the parent's of my best friend. They'd know, right?

The pest looked similar, if I looked closely. It had auburn hair and a black suit, just like my dear human. My best friend.

****Fear, pain, guilt.****

But obviously it couldn't be Hiccup. He'd disappeared off to who knows where.

It looked thin and frail despite being tall. Just like Hiccup.

It can't be. That would mean I'd killed Hiccup, and that hurt.

I looked between the crying couple, worried. I saw Valka's hand move, and followed her arm to see what she was doing to the body.

She was closing its eyes.

And I wish she could have closed them faster.

But she didn't, and I saw the ghost of the bright green eyes Hiccup used to have.

****Crying, sobbing and weeping.****

"Hiccup. Hiccup! _Hiccup!_"

Now I knew a lot. Almost too much, unlike when I was in a haze.

I hadn't been looking for something. I had been looking for _someone._

I had been looking for Hiccup.

The thing wasn't insulting me when it called me "toothless". Toothless _is_ my name.

The scrambling behind me had been Stoick. The yell of "hiccup" had actually been a yell _for "Hiccup!_"

And the pest I'd been glad to get rid of only a few minutes ago was not a pest. It was my human Viking. My best friend. Hiccup.

I look at the body wide-eyed with the new realization in my mind.

****Hiccup is dead.****

And I'd done it.

_ 'I did this.' _ I could almost hear the voice of my younger Hiccup speaking five-years ago, blaming himself for capturing me.

_ I did this_, I thought. But I couldn't help him out of it. Nobody could.

I stared at the corpse of what used to be the one I loved most in this world. The one that had saved me so many times even at the cost of his well-being, and I'd done the same for him before too.

And then I took his life.

I roared. That was all I could do, because dragons can't weep, and they can't speak. If I could, I'd be curled up in a ball, sobbing and begging for forgiveness.

Begging for him to come back.

I knew he wouldn't blame me. He was like that. As long as the consequences were left for only him to deal with, he wouldn't blame me.

But the consequences were too large this time.

And it was my fault.

I flung my head back and roared, louder than I ever had before. I didn't want to look at it, touch it, smell it.

I wanted to _hear_ him. I wanted Hiccup to _stand up_, brush himself off and even wince. I wanted him to look down and say, _"At least I didn't lose the other one."_

Then I wanted him to come up to me and hug me. I wanted _warm, breathing, alive Hiccup._

I ran out of breath and crumbled to the ground, not willing to look up when a powerful force told me to.

Hiccup was gone.

I heard voices exchange insults, propose war. How could they still be alive? Why were _they_ alive when _Hiccup was dead_?

I let out a moan.

Hiccup is dead.

Hiccup_ is_ dead.

Hiccup is _dead._

Hiccup isn't warm and breathing and alive.

Hiccup is cold, still and_ dead._

I don't know how long I was on the ground, moaning to myself. I don't care. All I knew was that Hiccup was gone, and never coming back.

It hurt when the arrow was released.

It hurt when it landed on the small boat Hiccup's body was.

It hurt to watch the flames consume the body of what I loved the most.

It hurt.

End
file.